

The Western Witness.

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE

Vol. VI.—No. 14

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ALL THE WORLD OVER.

An Interesting Relic of Catholic History.

THE BONES OF A SAINT.

Items of Interest From all Sections, Countries and Religious Orders. Readable News.

Right Rev. Bishop Junger has been on a tour through the Puget Sound country.

Plans have been completed for the Catholic church that will be built at Wymore, Neb., in the spring. It will cost about \$15,000.

The church at Colville, Washington has advertised for bids for the construction of a \$4000 brick church building on Court street that city.

Cardinal Taschereau has accepted an invitation to go to Chicago to preside at the solemn dedication of a new French Catholic Church there.

The six fathers who are detailed for mission work by the Paulist Order, from September to May every year, average a total of 100,000 confessions in that time.

The literary event of the year is a book from the pen of Dr. Hyvernat, a professor in the Washington Catholic University. It will be limited in this country to an edition of one hundred copies.

Pope Leo's Episcopal Jubilee will be celebrated all over the world on the 19th of February, 1893, and already \$15,000 of the \$300,000 that is to be presented to him after the celebration of the Jubilee Mass has been collected.

Rev. Dr. Sebastian Gebhard Messmer was consecrated Bishop of Green Bay Sunday morning in St. Peter's Church, at Newark, N. J. Bishop Otto Cardetti of St. Cloud, Minn., was consecrator. Right Rev. Bishop McQuaid of Rochester preached the sermon.

The laying of the corner-stone of the Sister's Convent in Phoenix took place in the presence of an immense crowd Sunday afternoon. Right Rev. Bishop Bourgade, Vicar of Arizona, conducted the ceremonies, assisted by Father Juvencio and will be the most expensive structure ever built in the Southwest.

The golden Jubilee of Archbishop Eyre, of Glasgow, Scotland, is drawing very near, and an influential committee, the most prominent members of which are Mgr. Munro and Mr. John Mackenzie of Glasgow, are engaged in making extensive preparations for a fitting celebration of the event. He was made Bishop of Anazarba on December 11, 1868.

Archbishop Feehan of Chicago, chairman of the organization committee of the Columbian Catholic Congress, has authorized the statement that the questions relating to the independence of the Holy See and Catholic education have not been excluded from the program of the Congress. No change was made, as suggested by the Archbishops at the St. Louis meeting.

The immense audience attending mass in the cathedral at Agram, Austria, last Sunday morning were horrified to see Bishop Gasparitsch, who was officiating, fall apparently dead before the altar. The attendant priests bore him to an adjoining room, where it was found that he had suffered a stroke of paralysis, and though he still survives, the physicians declare that there is no hope for his recovery.

Traves, which has been made famous by the exhibition of the holy coat, lost its Bishop, Dr. Heinrich ten, who has succumbed to the fatal influenza, complicated by

congestion of the lungs. He was only 57 years of age, but he had done noble work in his time and will be greatly missed. During the Franco-Prussian war, being then stationed at Fraulautern, he turned his presbytery into a hospital, and with his own hands tended night and day over fifty sick and wounded soldiers.

There is missionary work still to be done in this country. On Monday Father Coffey preached in the Methodist church at Valley Mills, Texas, and the next day he said mass there, the first time the Holy Sacrifice had ever been offered up in that region. One of the letters received by Bishop Brennan asking for a priest at Valley Mills says: "We expect some Catholics to come over twenty miles to hear mass."

While making excavations during the renovation and restoration of the old abbey of St. Pantaleon at Cologne, the workmen discovered three sarcophagi. They were opened, and the official identification pronounced one of them to be that of St. Bruno, Archbishop of Cologne, and brother of Otho the great. St. Bruno died at Reims in 965, and in his last testament expressed a desire to be interred, not in the crypt of the Archbishops of Cologne, but in the Benedictine abbey of St. Pantaleon.

The admirers of the Redemptorist Fathers will be pleased to learn that another son of St. Alphonsus will soon be enrolled on the calendar of the Saints. The beatification of the venerable servant of God, Gerard Maiella, a Redemptorist, will it is said, take place on the occasion of the Pope's episcopal jubilee, at the same time as the beatification of the venerable Bianchi of the Barnabites and Balducci of the Jesuites. His cause came before the congregation of rites on the 26th of last month.

In the course of a sermon in Baltimore, on Sunday by Cardinal Gibbons, he dwelt upon the reason given by the historian Gibbon, for the growth and development of Christianity. Cardinal Gibbons said in part: "If the Church survived it is in obedience to the decree of God, who said 'the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.' Gamaliel, therefore, was right when he said: 'If this work—the Church of Christ—be of men it will come to naught, but if it be of God you cannot overthrow it.'"

Says the Ave Maria: "There is at least one happy pastor in France. Thirty-five years ago, when the present cure of Marceay assumed charge of that parish, the village had among its population thirty-three Protestants. It was the earnest desire of the pastor to bring them into the true fold. The average number of conversions for thirty-three years was one a year. Five years ago there were three Protestants remaining in Marceay, of whose turning to Catholicism there seemed to be little hope. Recently, however, all three joined the Church, and the good cure's wish is realized; Marceay is wholly Catholic."

An interesting relic of Catholic history in the United States, has recently come to New York through the devotion of a devout Catholic lady. Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer, the wife of the wealthy sugar refiner, while traveling in France not long ago, in an old out-of-the-way place, found the first set of vestments ever used in this country. They are very old, and so lavishly adorned with gold that they will almost stand alone, too heavy to wear with comfort. The vestments cost Mrs. Havemeyer \$1,300 and \$700 more to get them cleaned. She has presented them to St. Stephen's Church as a token of her regard for the Church which her father, the late Consul-General of Austria, attended. Father Colton will wear the vestments on Easter Sunday.

MUTUAL GOOD WILL.

Breaking Down Barriers Between Protestants and Catholics.

THE LESSONS INSTANCED.

No Compromise of Principles in Being Friendly and Listening to Those of Other Religions.

Every token of charity between those who are children of a common Father in Heaven, or who claim to be disciples of a common Master, ought to be gladly hailed in this day when so many barriers are being broken down. We are not, indeed, directly concerned with this when it is a matter between Presbyterians and Baptists, e. g., or between Episcopalians and Methodists; but we are concerned in every manifestation of such a spirit between Catholics and Protestants. Perhaps this will be thought to be a "live topic," and may interest our readers here and there. The breaking down of barriers between us and others doesn't say whether we shall go over to them or they come to us. In what we have primarily in mind it is both—it is each side acknowledging the good that is in the other. Fortunately the Catholic Church is already so large and influential a body in this country that there is no mistaking us or our position in the community; and as Catholics we may have relations in one or all of the many different bodies of Protestants.

Now, though some Protestants would still refuse to own it, from prejudice or ignorance, or from some instance against us which we would not deny—it is a truth that the Catholic spirit towards others of however differing creed or practice is, as our name implies, one of comprehensive charity. We will not make comparisons, lest they should provoke ill-will and so defeat all our purpose in writing; but we claim that this Catholic spirit of charity towards our brethren has been generally manifested wherever there has been opportunity, and wherever the interests of truth could not be compromised. A Catholic, e. g., could not speak approvingly of Protestant denials of the faith. He could not consistently give money to help build a Protestant church, any more than he could attend Protestant worship. It would be giving up Catholic principle. Nor could Catholics show good-will towards non-Catholics if opportunity were not given, and the truism as it may be, it is well to say it, for this is just what has been wanting. We would not dare say that we have not been remiss in this matter, as well as our brethren. But those times seem to be passing away, at least in our own land, and we hope the day is soon coming when it can no more be said that in everything Catholics and Protestants live in different worlds. There is a good deal just now which tells of the dawn of this new day of mutual kindness; and, as in the continual occurrences of life we are making history, though we know it not, it is well to chronicle a few of these notable instances and comment a little upon what they teach us.

SOME INSTANCES AND THEIR LESSON.

One such instance was seen only last week in Brooklyn, when a prominent Episcopal clergyman so highly praised the lecture of Bishop Keane, to which he had just listened, and went on to tell his esteem and admiration for the Catholic Church and for the devotion of its missionaries. That same evening, at the opening of the New York Catholic Club, there were seen in friendly conversation upon social and char-

itable work a high dignitary of the Greek Church, a Jewish rabbi, one of the leading Episcopal rectors of the city and a well-known Jesuit Father, and there must have been a good deal more of such intermingling on that interesting occasion. A Catholic priest was recently heard speaking to students in Harvard University; a Catholic Bishop to Yale students. As a little testimony on the other hand, it may be mentioned that more than once Protestants have been asked to speak at the Catholic University in Washington, and next week Dr. J. C. Welling, the President of Columbian University, a Baptist institution, lectures there upon the "The New History."

All these things are harbingers of good, and we presume much more of the same kind could be affirmed. It is to be hoped that Catholics everywhere will be ready to offer to our Protestant brethren all opportunities possible for this mutual intercourse, or to improve them when offered. We are not responsible for the conduct of others toward us, but we are to do our duty toward them. In doing it we shall not only obey the precept to "honor all men" but all the while we shall be helping to break down these barriers of ignorance and prejudice which are still between us and our brethren. We shall continually know more of them, and they of us, and there will be mutual benefit in this broadening of knowledge.

We are not advocating anything which implies the least compromise of principle on our part. In all our intercourse with our non-Catholic brethren, social or educational, or in any form of benevolent work, we cannot forget that the truth is of first importance; but while truth is never to be sacrificed, it is always to be held and taught in love. Intelligent Catholics nowadays, laymen or clergymen, have unprecedented opportunities. Protestants, as never before, are looking towards the Catholic Church—inquiring, examining, studying. They do not wish to be misunderstood in their beliefs or in their opinions. They will not be patronized. And, as Judge Robinson has recently said, "The day is passed when attacks on so-called 'Protestant errors' can serve any useful purpose." Our brethren must be shown, kindly but thoroughly, as opportunity is given, how imperfect and fragmentary is their knowledge of Catholic truth; and when they know it in its fulness and reality, they may be brought to love it.

So these various openings of courtesy and good will may lead to grandest results. Gladly recognizing good wherever we find it, while we receive we shall also give; and if we really have the greater gift to bestow, by many it will not be refused when it is known to be the gift of Divine charity, offered in sincere humility.—Mirror.

IRISH NOTES.

John Dillon, the Irish Nationalist, slipped on an icy pavement in Dublin one day last week and fell on his side, fracturing his shoulder. It is feared, also, that he has suffered internal injury. He suffers considerable pain.

The National Press of Ireland prints the following from its London correspondent: "Two representatives of the Christian Brothers were in the lobby of the House of Commons recently engaged in interviewing Irish Nationalist members, with a view to securing their support to the claims of the Order for a share of the \$200,000 which will be distributed next year in Ireland under the Free Education Act. The deputation were Brother Burke, of Marina, Dublin, and Brother Swan of Richmond street, Dublin. They met with a cordial reception from all the members of the National party with whom they came into contact, and they received promise of full support of their views when the bill is reached."

FOUR MORE PRIZE WINNERS.

Coming from All Parts of the State.

TWO WEEKS MORE ONLY.

Now is a Chance for the Workers to Show what They Can Do in a Short Time.

New Subscribers heretofore reported - 1423
Increase week ending April 1 201

Total received under our unrivalled premium offer - 1629

Last week four of the workers for the Witness carried off prizes and as the time draws near when the grand offer will close, others are redoubling their efforts.

Two weeks more only remain of the time and it will therefore behoove some of them to work a little harder than they have been. An energetic canvasser in the next two weeks can result in as much good as when the offer was still young.

Miss Stella McKeon of 2116 Steiner street, selected as a premium a beautiful shrine of the Blessed Virgin in shell and mirror-back, with a holy water font in front, a truly elegant adornment for any house.

Miss Retta O'Brien of Sacramento, who started out for a gold watch, was prevented by illness from carrying her design to win such a watch. She secured twelve subscribers and a handsome lady's nickel watch as a result of her labors. She writes that she intends to work again as soon as her health will permit.

Rev. Father Cabellaria of Santa Barbara was another prize winner. He chose a set of brass candelabra, chased and engraved and decorated with fruits, flowers and vines, which will be placed in the Church of the City by the sea.

Grass Valley, which started out so energetically in the race for the statue for the convent seems to have fallen by the wayside, although our correspondent there states that promises have been made which, if kept, will secure the prize and leave many to spare for something else.

Mr. Frank Devlin of Los Angeles is still keeping up his good work, and sends in a list of names each week. As there is no Catholic paper in Los Angeles, he has a splendid field to work in.

Andrew Maddalena of Petaluma is the latest worker to start out for a watch and he proposes to get his ten subscribers in short order. He has as pretty a field as any to work in and should wear his watch before Easter.

Thomas P. Winn, a student at the college taught by the Christian Brothers, and connected with St. Mary's Church in Oakland, on Thursday presented a list of five new subscribers and selected as his prize a beautiful vaticum case. Master Winn has been working but a short time, and expects to win another prize in a very short time.

The Archbishop of Dublin visited Arklow, Ireland, recently and laid the foundation stone of the new schools which are being erected by Father Dunphy. After the ceremony a public meeting was held at which His Grace delivered an important address in which he dealt with the Education Bill introduced a few days ago into Parliament by the Chief Secretary, and dealt particularly with provisions regarding compulsory attendance, showing that the statistics on which Mr. Jackson based his proposal for compulsion was incorrect and deceptive. After His Grace's address a subscription list was opened to form a fund for the building of schools, and about \$250 was contributed. His Grace giving \$100 of this amount.

BERT EMMETT'S GRAVE.

Underneath a Plain Granite Slab Unadorned, and Inscriptionless.

In the heart of the city, almost hidden amid the network of streets and lanes which encompass it on every side, stands the church of St. Michan, undoubtedly one of the most ancient and interesting ecclesiastical relics in the city of Dublin. Its origin dates from 1095, the period immediately preceding the Anglo-Norman occupation of Ireland, but above and beyond its antiquity St. Michan's Church contains some objects of unique interest. And among the last named stand pre-eminently the vaults beneath the church. In one vault there is to be seen the body of a nun believed to have been interred no less than 300 years ago, and which, in all but color, is well-nigh perfect. This lady is supposed to have been a Miss Mackintosh and to have belonged to an order of French nuns who had their house at George's Hill Convent prior to the Reformation. Many conjectures have been put forward as to the possible reasons for this wonderful antiseptic power. Of course in medieval days the holiness and virtue of the church's saintly founder whose bones also rest here, were accounted as working this strange miracle of preservation, but modern science has declared that the vaults being hewn out on the site of an ancient oak forest, the decaying oak bark and roots having permeated the soil with magnesia, this wondrous result is attained. Newgate was within the parish of St. Michan's, and it may be added that numerous bodies were interred here during the rebellion of 1798. In one vault there is a great pile of ghastly bodies heaped (uncoffined) one above the other, while in many places the crape bandage placed over the eyes by the executioner still remains untouched by the hand of time.

In the old graveyard that surrounds the church, beneath the plain granite slab, unadorned and inscriptionless, dwells, it is believed, the mortal remains of Sir Robert Emmet. The story regarding his burial is, that after his execution in Thomas street the body was buried privately in Bully's Acre (the criminal burial ground near Kilmainham), but that the same night it was exhumed and transferred to St. Michan's churchyard by the Rev. W. Dobbyn, the rector, who was supposed to be in sympathy with the rebels. In another part of the burial ground is the tomb of the Emmet family, but the ill-fated Robert Emmet rests alone in a nameless grave in obedience to his own dying command: "When Ireland takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written."—Brooklyn Citizen.

The Cardinal on Politics.

When the very fountains of legislation are polluted by lobbying and other corrupt means; when the hand of bribery is extended, and not always in vain, to our municipal, state and national legislators; when our law makers become the pliant tools of some selfish and greedy capitalists, instead of subserving the interests of the people, then, indeed, all patriotic citizens have reason to be alarmed about the future of our country.

The man who would poison the wells and the springs of the land is justly regarded as a human monster, as an enemy of society, and no punishment could be too severe for him. Is he not as great a criminal as he who poisons and pollutes the ballot box, the unfailing fount and well-spring of our civil freedom and of our national life?

The Ark of the Covenant was held in the highest veneration by the children of Israel. It was the oracle from which God communicated his will to the people. Two cherubim with outstretched wings were placed over it as sacred guardians. Oza was suddenly struck dead for profanely touching it. May we not without irreverence, compare the ballot box to the ancient Ark? Is it not for us the oracle of God, because it is the oracle of the people?

God commands us to obey our rulers. It is through the ballot box that our rulers are proclaimed to us; therefore, its voice should be accepted as the voice of God. Let justice and truth, as twin cherubs, guard the sacred instrument. Let him who lays profane hands upon it be made to feel that he is guilty of a grievous offense against the stability of government, the peace of society and the majesty of God.—Cardinal Gibbons in North American Review for April.

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

THE WESTERN WITNESS.

A VOICE FROM PURGATORY.

The Remarkable Story of a Sinner's Conversion.

In the year 1865 a young girl, aged thirteen was at school at Mt. St. in Pennsylvania. Her family were not practical Catholics, the mother being dead, and the father through negligence, had fallen away from the observance of his religion.

But in obedience to the wish of his deceased wife, a pious Catholic, he had placed his two daughters at the sisters boarding school when they were old enough to prepare for their First Communion. The children eagerly embraced all the truths and practices of religion, and were much concerned at the indifference of their father whom they tenderly loved. On the occasion of their First Communion he had been present, but playfully put them aside when they ventured to speak to him on the subject so near their innocent hearts. The good Sisters who were attached to them because of their intelligence, gentleness and solid parts of character, bade them be patient and pray, for God would surely bear their petitions in His own good time. Alice, the elder, was a frail delicate child, and when in November diphtheria broke out in the village, she was one of the first to succumb. After a tedious illness of two weeks she was pronounced convalescent, and her sister once more allowed to visit her, as all fear of infection seemed passed. But that treacherous and terrible disease which has slain so many thousands, had left its seeds in her system and Agnes, the younger, was soon seized with the terrible malady. From the first her condition was pronounced hopeless. Tenderly watched by Alice and the kind infirmarian the child underwent the greatest sufferings with most heroic patience. Five days passed, and though all danger from suffocation was over, blood poisoning had set in and the physician announced death near at hand. With astonishing resignation she made her preparation for the end, receiving the Sacraments of Penance and the holy Eucharist with great devotion. Before Extreme Unction was to be administered she called her sister to her bedside and whispered:

"Only a year ago, dear Alice, if I had died, I would not even have known about the beautiful things, the things that we have to make us die well. O, it is lovely to be a Catholic when one is dying."

Alice amid her sobs responded entirely to her sister's sentiments, and said: "Darling Agnes, when you go to heaven, do not forget papa."

"I have arranged with the souls in purgatory for that," she replied. "When I was first taken sick I offered my life as a sacrifice for him, if he would only go to confession."

"And you believe he will go?"

"I know it. Can you doubt it?"

"My dearest, I do not wish to doubt it," said her weeping sister, "but it seems so hard to think such a sacrifice is needed."

"God knows," said the dying girl. "Perhaps I might have become a worldly woman like Aunt Lizzie. She was once a pious girl in this very house."

The sisters and attending priest were amazed at hearing such sentiments from one so young—she was not quite thirteen. After she had been anointed she fell into an unconscious state from which she but once aroused herself to exclaim "papa," after which she expired. It was the night of the 24th of November, 1865.

Far away in a southern city, his whereabouts unknown to the Sisters who had thus far been unable to inform him of the illness of his children, the father had just retired to rest. He may have been asleep and it may have been a dream, a coincidence, let sceptics think so if they will, but he always maintained that he was lying wide awake, kept so by some perplexity of business, when he saw standing by his bedside his daughter Agnes, clad only in a white night-dress, her face pale, as though from illness, her hair dishevelled, and a look of sadness in her affecting eyes.

"Papa," she cried, "papa, go to confession." She spoke but once, and disappeared as suddenly as she had come, but in her wake followed shadowy forms, intangible as to substance, but with one accord they whispered as they passed: "Go to confession! go to confession!"

"My daughter is dead!" he exclaimed, arising from his bed and hastening to a telegraph office. The next morning his fears were confirmed. That night he went to confession for the first time in twenty years, and at the requiem mass, which was celebrated the next week in C—for the repose of her soul, father and daughter together received the body and blood of Christ. He remained a fervent Catholic until his death, which occurred, three years ago.—*Poor Souls in Purgatory.*

Who would not like to come into possession of a fortune, when old age creeps on; yet you can all have it by depositing our daily or weekly mite in the People's Home Savings' Bank.

A fine assortment of society badges can be found at W. Scheppeler's, 1071 Market St. Repairing of Watches guaranteed.

AN OPERATIC SUCCESS.

First Professional Production of a San Francisco Opera.

The opera of "Bluff King Hal," rendered by professionals is a most satisfactory one. It is perhaps envidious to compare the work of those who do things from the mere love of seeing them done, with those who do things through necessity or adaptation. No criticism is herein intended.

The opera in the hands of professionals where it rightly belongs, after being seen more than once, develops beauties which have not heretofore been brought out. It does not tire the ear with a repetition of similar tuneful sounds. It possesses a mine of musical wealth which neither glitters nor dazzles. There is no magician's ring to it, and, apart from the footlights, without the glamor and sheen of light and costumes and scenery still leaves an impression on the mind.

The music of later days, to a mind not drilled into the "deep" researches of classical music, must be light and "catchy." An opera in these days to be a success, must be whistled on the streets or sung in the parlor. The popular mind wants change. We are not all composers, but very few people have the discernment to understand and ascertain the value of technique. It is harmony they want, and the opera which contains the most tuneful airs is the one that is a popular success.

It has been further demonstrated that there is a greater success in opera produced by collaboration than those that may be the work of a single man. Against this proposition may be urged the fact that the grand operas such as "Faust," "Norma," "Il Trovatore," "Ernani" and others still hold the popular fancy.

This is a fact, the demonstration of which can only be determined by present popular appreciation. No one will attempt to compare the "Mikado" or "Pinafore" with any of those mentioned from a musical standpoint, but considering age and style and popularity, the opera of to-day is what the people want and what they are willing to pay to hear.

"Bluff King Hal" is an opera which possesses three of the most essential qualities of popular success. First, the mind retains the melody of its various airs; secondly, the wording of its songs and its dialogues is singularly in keeping with the music, and thirdly, it does not depend upon the scenic artist for a magnificent stage setting to bring out the beauties of the scene and its words.

Then again, there is romance enough to make it interesting, and humor enough to assist the romance. Some acerbic critics trained to the "classical" school, predicted for it a flat failure. The attendance at the recent performance at the Tivoli, where it was placed on the stage with the same due attention to detail that is always manifested there, has disproved the assertion of the critics.

Popular appreciation of an opera or play can only be gauged by the box office receipts, and "Bluff King Hal" has already demonstrated this fact. It is therefore a success. Messrs. O'Connell and Stewart promise to become the "Gilbert and Sullivan" of America, or perhaps better the "reorganized corps of writers of later day operas." Their success is assured by the success of "Bluff King Hal."

An Enterprising Man.

MAISON, Mo., April 10, '91.
Queen City Silver & Nickel Plating Co., East St. Louis, Ill.

I read Mrs. Bailey's experience and am tempted to give my experience plating. I paid \$5 for one of the Queen Platers for plating gold, silver or nickel. I had no trouble to get all the knives, forks, spoons, castors and jewelry I could profit. The first week I made \$27 clear profit, the second, \$35 40 and am now averaging \$45 per week. I have advised a number of my friends to try this business, and they are doing well. The machine is complete and does the work rapidly. I can make as much selling platters as plating. Hoping my experience will benefit others, I am yours truly,

B. G. STOOKER.

If you want to make more clear money than you have ever made in your life, send for circulars and price of the Queen Plater; for gold, silver, nickel, copper and brass plating can be used by any one. Plates beautiful and equal to the finest new work. Every class of goods or metals. \$20 a day can easily be made. Address: Queen City Silver & Nickel Plating Co., East St. Louis, Ill.

We must in reading do as birds, who whilst they drink take different draughts and at every draught lift up their eyes to heaven.

Gas Fitting, sanitary Plumbing or leaky-roof repairing orders will be promptly attended to at Ahlbach and Kayser, 426 Hayes St.

The rainy season is at hand so be wise and have your roof prepared for it. Go to Ahlbach and Kayser, 426 Hayes St. They do that kind of work.



GOOD HEALTH

COLD BATHS IN TYPHOID.

The Large Percentage of Recoveries in Some Tests of This Treatment.

The Lancet tells that the system of cold baths in the treatment of typhoid fever as employed in Germany has been put to the test by Dr. Josias, and he reported to the Societe des Hopitaux that during the years 1888 and 1889 he treated thirty-six cases of typhoid fever by cold baths; that is to say, with water at 50° F., repeating these every three hours. Of thirty-six cases the experiments obtained thirty-three recoveries. Drs. Renoy and Richard, who, on their side, had followed this method, obtained 103 recoveries out of 108 cases.

A French critic, writing on the cold water system of the treatment of typhoid fever in Germany, gives the following statistics, drawn up by Dr. Longuet, relative to the German army, which may be found interesting here: In 1865, out of 2,500 typhoid patients, there were from 500 to 700 deaths. From 1882 to 1884 the number of patients was nearly identical, but thanks to the application of the cold baths, the deaths among the soldiers amounted on the one hand to 221 and to 183 on the other. Since then the diminution of the mortality was slow, constant and mathematical, according as the cold water system extended. From 24 per cent. in 1865 the mortality fell to 11 per cent. in 1876. In 1883 it was not more than 9 per cent.

Tall Men.

The tallest men of western Europe are found in Catalonia, Spain; Normandy, France; Yorkshire, England, and the Ardennes districts of Belgium, according to the Grand Rapids Telegram-Herald, which further tells that Prussia gets her tallest recruits from Schleswig-Holstein, the original home of the irrepressible Anglo-Saxons; Austria from the Tyrolean highlands. In Italy the progress of physical degeneration has extended to the upper Apennines, but the Albanian Turks are still an athletic race, and the natives of the Caucasus are as sinewy and gaunt as in the days of the Argonauts. In the United States the forty-eighth parallel, ranging through Indiana and northern Kentucky, is as decidedly the latitude of big men as the forty-second is that of big cities. The tallest men of South America are found in the western provinces of the Argentine Republic, of Asia in Afghanistan and Kappooana, of Africa in the highlands of Abyssinia.

Hypnotic Effect of Warm Bandages.

Warm bands, as is well known, produce a calming effect and tend to bring on sleep. Popular Science News notes the attempt of a foreign physician to apply such a method in patients where a sedative effect is desired and yet where a bath is inapplicable. His method consists in wrapping the lumbar region and belly with linen cloths soaked in warm water, and then covering them with oiled silk or rubber cloth, so as to prevent evaporation, while the whole is kept in place and loss of heat prevented by a flannel cloth.

This procedure is of ready performance, and the author says that by this simple means he has obtained the most astonishing results in the treatment of insomnia.

Menthol a Preventive of Grip.

Menthol is now recommended as a preventive of the grip. This is but the concentrated essence of peppermint, well known in the form of menthol pencils. It is also used as the chief ingredient in a solution of menthol, which is highly popular nowadays as a remedy for ordinary cold in the head, neuralgia, toothache, etc.



ETIQUETTE

ENTERTAINING CONVERSATION.

Pleasant Fancies and Suggestions Versus Ill Conditioned Facts.

Did not Lord Byron say the most entertaining conversation he ever had was with a pickpocket? asks a writer on that finest of social arts—conversation, and have not we all sat and conversed while some servile attendant to truth was explaining how an incident, in itself entertaining, was told him by Brown, who got it from Robinson, to whose servant Jones it actually occurred in a former place. Still, people who are apt to repeat should exercise a little care. To make, apropos of the fidelity of native servants, your shikaree the hero of a story in India, which is connected with the same evening related as happening to your uncle in Ceylon, is perhaps carrying the license too far for any one short of old middle age; but nevertheless, many will subscribe most heartily to the dictum, "A consummate liar is a better ingredient in a company than the scrupulously truthful man."

The object of conversation is to amuse, and people who would blame the man who in his efforts to entertain rather than in the airy regions of romance than the dull plains of fact, remind one of the old Scotch lady who objected comprehensively to fiction on the ground that it was "all a pack of lies." What does the genial author of the breakfast table say on this point? "All generous minds have a horror of what are commonly called facts. They are the brute beasts of the intellectual domain. Who does not know fellows that always have an ill conditioned fact or two, which they lead after them into decent company, like so many bulldogs, ready to let them slip at every ingenious suggestion, or convenient generalization, or pleasant fancy? I allow no facts at this table. What because bread is good and wholesome and necessary and nourishing, shall you thrust a crumb into my windpipe while I am talking?" And was not honest Sam Johnson always ready to maintain the other side regardless of the merits of the case, to promote discussion? As a young man, he confesses he frequently chose the weaker side if he thought it gave him a better opening for displaying his dexterity in fence.

A Fashionable Trouseau.

In a moderate trouseau an English modiste says: "One dozen of all under linen is considered enough, eight pairs of boots and twelve pairs of shoes, including slippers. A girl spending the season in London and the rest of the year in the country should have three tailor made gowns, two tea gowns, a couple of ball gowns, three dinner gowns, a home dinner dress, three washing dresses, two full dress morning dresses and about two others."

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SAN FRANCISCO, - - - CALIFORNIA.
DANIEL O'CONNELL, - - - Editor

SATURDAY.....APRIL 2, 1892.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

PASSION SUNDAY.

Gospel, St. John viii, 46-59: The Jews Try to Stone Jesus.

3-Sunday—St. Irene, Sist. and Com., MM.

4-Monday—St. Isidore, Bp., Conf. and D.

5-Tuesday—St. Vincent Ferrer, Confessor.

6-Wednesday—St. Celestine, P. and Conf.

7-Thursday—Bl. Herman Joseph, Conf.

8-Friday—St. Walter, Abbot.

9-Saturday—St. Mary of Egypt, Pen.

FORTY HOURS DEVOTION.

Order of the Forty Hours Devotion in the Churches and Chapels of the Diocese of San Francisco for the month of

APRIL, 1892.

3-Passion Sunday—St. Boniface, San Francisco, St. Mary's, Stockton.

10-Palm Sunday—Nativity, Menlo Park; St. Joseph's, Rio Vista.

17-Easter Sunday—St. Patrick's, Oakland; Notre Dame College, S. F.

24-Low Sunday—St. John the Baptist, Napa.

"MANY are called but few are chosen." There is the point where the WITNESS enters.

CAPTAIN DOUGLASS, the great incarcerator, himself incarcerated, is a spectacle at which Mother Justice herself might drop her scales and laugh until her sides ached. The Captain was a trifle too previous in the Lister case, and the reprimand he received from the chief is a hint that the "Douglass in his hall" does not mean that he owns the entire building."

The denominational clergymen of this city are endeavoring to prove through the press that San Francisco is in a very bad condition indeed. Since they are well paid to keep their congregations from sinning, there must be shocking negligence somewhere. Perhaps those gentlemen are endeavoring to keep back the billows of unrighteousness with a pitchfork.

The present financial depression in California is a fertile subject of study. Many reasons have been attributed as the cause, but does not the question of hydraulic mining now some ten years suspended, enter largely into the field? Between the differences of miner and farmer it is hard to draw a satisfactory line. But does not the fact that many millions of dollars lie hidden buried in the ground on account of the suspension of this class of mining, lead to a possible solution of the question?

JUDGING from the tenor of an editorial in the last issue of the "Sentinel" of Portland, a very bright future awaits that paper. It has always been well edited, but Most Rev. Bishop Gross has lately succeeded in securing the services of that experienced newspaper man and accomplished litterateur, Mr. Robert Hayden as managing editor. This gentleman has a splendid reputation in the newspaper field, and under his direction our northern Catholic contemporary is bound to enter a field of prosperity it has not hitherto known.

MANY Californians who had the pleasure of meeting Right Rev.

Herbert Vaughan, until the present time Bishop of Salford, England, on the occasion of his visit here some ten years ago, will learn with pleasure of his elevation to the see made vacant by the death of Cardinal Manning. As a successor to the late Cardinal no better choice could have been made. The Bishop is a giant in intellect and a man of a most commanding presence. His influence is felt throughout England and his elevation will be of great benefit to the church in that country.

AN APOLOGY.

The "Monitor" says the taste of the WITNESS in commenting upon the change of editorship in the above journal was peculiar to say the least, and adds:

The WITNESS might assume with propriety that his Grace knows more of the Portland Catholic Sentinel than the WITNESS does, and if it satisfies his requirements as a paper that gives no reason to say that California has not found within its confines a man to direct the destinies of a Catholic paper.

Why, of course. We do not presume to place our knowledge of journals and journalism upon the same level as that of his Grace, the Archbishop, and more over have always admired, not extravagantly to be sure, but still admired the Portland "Sentinel," and wish its late editor, Mr. McGuire, every success in his new undertaking as editor of our fellow toiler in the vineyard. As for the wounded pigeon editorial which the "Monitor" so severely censures, that journal should remember that squabs will soon be in season, which, with green peas are delicious. Therefore was the editorial seasonable. Great and deep as is the doings of the British Parliament and the population of Ireland (which will always take care of itself), we must perforce sometimes depart from those absorbing topics, even to chat about birds and fishes.

AMERICAN HUMOR.

Some English writers are growing nervous about the future of American humor and assert that instead of the half unconscious comicality of the early school of American humor, we shall have the audacious buffoonery of the literary clowns. They allow that "hitherto American humor has not lacked refinement." Whether it resided in the quaint phraseology of Artemus Ward, the rough homeliness of Bret Harte and J. R. Lowell, or the curious invention of Mark Twain, it maintained an invariable purity of tone. If never very subtle, it was at any rate never "low." If, according to our ideas of humor it was tricky, it was indefinitely above punning. One positive quality hitherto developed by American humor is an adroit employment of falsehood and exaggeration. It makes us laugh in spite of ourselves, it carries our judgment by assault, and thus humiliates, while it amuses. Unfortunately the change at which we have hinted is in the direction of depending still more on this trick of exaggeration, with the addition of a most unwelcome impudence and coarseness. We should have been delighted if to the buoyant self confidence of the indigenous Yankee a measure of European refinement and subtlety had been added, but this it seems vain to hope for. There is a calm air of superiority in all this which is a joke in itself. There is positively no humor in England outside of Du Maurier's social sketches in "Punch." The letter press of that focal point of British wit is intensely stupid, but is occasionally enlivened by Burnand the only humorist England has produced since Hood's death. Every English tourist who journeys through the United States, stores away the stories he hears in clubs and hotels, and makes his society a thing to be courted for a month at least on his return to the foggy

isle by reason of his large budget of anecdotes. A San Franciscan who got back a few days ago from England, declared that it made him home sick to run across the old yarns which he had listened to years and years ago around in the bar rooms and on the street corners of this city, and which the Londoners relished as fresh from the mill. And yet our trans-Atlantic friends are fearful of the audacious buffoonery of literary clowns.

MORE ABOUT DRUGGISTS.

The druggist has the "drop" upon the patient all the time. He lives in a web of big sounding Latin names and what they mean no man outside of the guild can say. We can approximate the price of cloth, groceries and liquors, but between the druggist and the non-scientific, there is an impenetrable barrier in the shape of a long winded nomenclature, and he glories in it. This is the metaphorical cave where he lives. Its walls are composed of Latin nouns and adjectives, and with his mortar and pestle he takes the financial life of the sick traveler in this vale of tears. Once the patient falls into his hands he becomes a shuttlecock tossed from the doctor to the druggist, and all the wisdom of the world is powerless to rescue him, until the grave claims him, or by some extraordinary chance his health is restored. No drug store has the same rates. The experiment has been tried. Not very long ago one of those curious fellows who never take any statement on hearsay, had a physician give him a dozen duplicates of a simple prescription, and had it made up at a dozen different drug stores. The rates were all of them different. Not one came within twenty-five cents of the cost of the other. This week a specialist sent a patient to the drug store with a prescription. The drug was a costly one, indeed, about the costliest in the entire range of pharmacopoeia—worth nearly double its weight in gold. The charge was \$1.50 and to the faint growl of the patient, the druggist told him—and correctly too—how much the preparation cost an ounce. But he did not add he had used only a few grains in pure water worth really not more than twenty five cents. There seems nothing left but to submit. No amount of agitation can shake the druggist in his strong hold. Of course it is wrong for the physician to stand in for his share of the gains, but the "commish" is so delicately and neatly given that the wound to his professional pride is very slight. And golden salve is a great healer—about the most potent ointment the druggist has in his shop. When it cures the woman's honor, the politician's disappointment and the parson's abashed conscience, we can well believe how readily the nervous system of the highly respectable practitioner, temporarily shocked by the contact of a twenty dollar piece with the palm of his hand, can be restored to its equilibrium.

THE CITY'S GROWTH.

To explore the suburbs of this city is to marvel at the rate at which it is growing. The western and southwestern outskirts present an extraordinary activity in house building. Dwellings of every style of architecture, principally the East-lake, are making a continuous line along streets where but a year ago there was not a building in the block. The localities are the favorite resorts of the house hunters. Wherever the legend of black on a white ground "House to Let" appears there are those industrious ladies to be found, for the house hunting business is principally confined to that sex. They scrutinize every place bearing the inscription, and their hands are full of the

real estate agents' cards. Nothing seems easier to anyone who looks over an agent's list, than to select a house from among the many that are offered at satisfactory prices, yet some how the reality is wretchedly different. One house, the description of which is all that can be desired, is directly across the street from a livery stable. The back windows of another open upon a noisy mill. Some are in rows occupied almost entirely by physicians' offices, which for some reason are not considered desirable; others are within a hundred yards of a deep-toned church bell. No interior perfection can make desirable the house next to a corner grocery, butcher shop or liquor store and it is wonderful how such establishments monopolize the corners of many blocks otherwise desirable. When the satisfactory location is at last found, comes the various questions as to the house itself. On one point landlords and tenants are usually at hopeless disagreement. The former always insist that the house is in as good order as anybody can ask, while the latter are sure they could not live in it unless a great many repairs are made. Either the paper in the parlor is old fashioned, or the ceilings are dingy, or the paint is dirty, or the dressing of the hardwood finish is scratched, or the chandeliers are fly specked or oxidized, the color of the paints where decoration has been attempted, are glaringly out of harmony—as almost invariably they are—or the kitchen looks like a dirty hovel, or the boiler is too small, or the bath room lacks a shower, or the heater emits gas. If nothing else is wrong, only two or three supercilious sniffs are needed to persuade that the drainage is not what it should be. The tenant who is always promptly on hand with his rent is not usually the best treated by his landlord. When he applies for some necessary repairs, his application is nonchalantly filed away, and he will have to come again and again before that plank is laid down or that drain fixed. The grumpy, dilatory, snarling truant, who pays his money with the air of a man being robbed on the public highway, receives more respect from the agent and landlord. His claims are attended to at once, lest the omission should furnish him an excuse to be still more reluctant in satisfying the landlord's demands.

Retreat at Notre Dame College.

Last week the pupils, including many of former years, of Notre Dame College, this city, enjoyed the privilege of a retreat conducted by Rev. Father Neri of St. Ignatius' College.

It is unnecessary to mention that under the direction of that able and esteemed divine, the young ladies passed most profitably through those days of holy recollection, gathering from the eloquent and impressive words of the instructions abundant nourishment of soul. The retreat was concluded on the morning of the Annunciation, when the good director had the inebriate consolation of distributing the Bread of Angels to about two hundred devout young persons so well prepared by the previous days of solitude and prayer. After the Holy Sacrifice several of the pupils were received into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin and Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament crowned the well-done work.

Raise Up Your Hearts to God.

Make up your mind now that not a day shall pass from this day to your last without some act of adoration to the Person of the Holy Ghost, without some act of reparation made to Him for your own sins and for the sins of other men. Say day by day, the majestic hymn of the Church, the Veni Creator Spiritus; or that other equally beautiful, and even more full of tenderness, Veni Sancte Spiritus; or say every day seven times the Gloria Patri, in honor of the Holy Ghost, to obtain His seven gifts. Raise up your hearts to God; make some short act of reparation and adoration out of the fulness of your soul.—Cardinal Manning.

F. J. Kupfer & Co's new drug store, corner Van Ness avenue and McAllister street, is now open.

PARISH NEWS.

OAKLAND.

James Canning, the well-known Oakland capitalist, died at his home, 954 Sixteenth street, early last Saturday morning at the advanced age of 82 years. The deceased was a native of Ireland, where he spent his youth and early manhood. He immigrated to this country in 1848. In 1857 the gold fever, which had infected the country in 1849, broke out afresh, and Mr. Canning, who at that time was residing in Michigan, set out for this coast. He arrived in San Francisco in 1858, invested his capital in city real estate and with such judgment that he reaped large returns. Ten years later he moved to Oakland, and at once became heavily interested in real property there, and established the home in which he spent the last quarter of a century of his life. A month ago he felt the end was drawing nigh, and he set about preparing for it. During his last moments he was surrounded by his wife, a few sorrowing friends and his spiritual adviser, Rev. Thomas McSweeney, pastor of St. Francis Church. He leaves no children, having had but one relative, his niece, formerly May Yore, now Mrs. Michael Davitt, wife of the celebrated Irish agitator, to whom she was married in the Canning residence four years ago. His funeral took place on Monday morning at 9:30 o'clock from his residence, and thence to St. Francis de Sales' Church, where Rev. Father McSweeney celebrated a solemn requiem high mass. The interment took place in St. Mary's Cemetery and the funeral was one of the largest ever held here.

Rev. J. B. McNally is one of the strongest and staunchest supporters of the movement in Oakland to issue bonds for public improvement, the election to decide the question taking place to-day. Taking Father McNally's judgment and business acumen into consideration, it is a sufficient guarantee for the soundness of the proposition.

DIXON.

On Sunday, May 22d, his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop will administer the sacrament of confirmation to a large class who now are under instruction by Father Lally.

A concert for the benefit of the church is to be given at the Dixon Opera House on the evening of the 22d of April. Father Lally has a large number of friends to draw upon, and always manages to secure the best talent, and all previous concerts have been quite a success, both socially and financially.

UKIAH.

The Sisters of Mercy have this season made extensive improvements at Sacred Heart Convent. They have had the exterior of the building repainted and have added much new shrubbery and many flowering plants to the already lovely grounds adjacent to the Convent. It will soon be one of the prettiest spots in Ukiah. A limited number of young lady boarders who desire to enjoy the summer months in a most pleasant manner, can be accommodated at the convent.

SAN QUENTIN.

In accordance with his usual custom his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop will make his annual visit to the prisoners confined in the State Prison. He will celebrate mass and administer the sacrament of Holy Communion. It is said the prisoners are making extensive preparations for a great reception to his Grace.

ST. DOMINIC'S.

At a recent meeting of the Holy Name Society for young men the following officers were elected. President, Richard Quinnlan; Secretary, William O'Neill; Treasurer, George Kelly; Marshal, John O'Brien. The meetings of the society are held in St. Dominic's Hall, Pine street between Steiner and Pierce on the first Monday of the month at 8 p. m. In addition to the usual routine of such societies social entertainments will be given from time to time.

The boys division of the same society meets on the first Sunday of the month at 4 p. m. The officers of the Boys' Society are President, James Lewis; Vice-President, Bert Kenny; Secretary, Thomas O'Neill; Treasurer, Nicolas Walshe. Rev. F. Dyson, O. P., is spiritual director of both branches of this society, which already numbers many members.

ST. BONIFACE.

At Saratoga Music Hall on Easter Monday, the 18th inst., the Young Ladies' Sodality connected with this church will give a musical, literary and dramatic entertainment for the benefit of the building fund of the new church. A drama in three acts, entitled "A Mother's Curse and Blessing," is to be presented. It was written by Augustus Henseler, O. S. F., and is said by those who have had the pleasure of attending the rehearsals, to be a very excellent one. Among the young ladies who will take part are the Misses Lily Schoen, Annie Schnabel, Amelia Schmidt, Clara Kayser, Mary Stiegler, Lena Schneider, Theresa Meyer, Sophie Schilling, Ida Moser and Clara Peterson. The worthiness of the object of the entertainment and the low price of the

tickets, twenty-five cents ought to insure a large attendance.

SACRED HEART.

In accordance with the custom established by Rev. Father Lagan, the spiritual director of the Sodality of the Sacred Heart, the senior members of the sodality will approach Holy Communion in a body to-morrow at the 8 o'clock mass. In the evening Rev. Geo. Montgomery will deliver the second lecture of the quarterly series, having made a happy selection in the choice of a subject, namely, "Temporal Mission of the Church." There will be no charge for admission, but the collection to be taken up after the lecture is for the benefit of the sodality. Father Montgomery's well-known argumentative and entrancing style always attracts a large audience.

ST. JOSEPH'S.

Last Sunday the Executive Committee of the League of the Cross established a branch of the League in this parish. The committee were highly gratified and say that the way had been so well prepared for them that they had comparatively little to do.

Nearly 250 young men and youths were entered as members. The committee say that no words of praise would do justice to the Brothers of Mary in charge of the boys' school there for the help they render in work like that of the League.

ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL.

Quite a large number of people attended the lecture of Rev. P. C. Yorke on Wednesday. The subject was "Christopher Columbus, or the Discoverer of America." Although much has been printed and written regarding Columbus Father Yorke made his lecture most interesting, giving much historical data and showing profound research. Quite a comfortable sum was netted for the Sisters of the Holy Family for whom the proceeds were intended.

ST. PETER'S.

Commencing on the 3d of May the ladies of this parish will hold a grand bazaar and fair in Mangel's Hall on 24th and Folsom streets, where they will expect to see all their friends. Several handsome donations have already been promised them and they are working very energetically to make it a grand financial success.

HOLY CROSS.

Rev. John McGinty is deeply engaged in superintending the construction of a new residence which is estimated will cost in the neighborhood of \$6000. The plans are excellent and show a rare judgment and perception of architectural detail.

OF PERSONAL INTEREST.

During the week subsequent to St. Patrick's day Rev. J. A. Rooney conducted a most successful mission in Portland, Oregon.

Rev. T. Caraher of Mission San Jose was in town on Tuesday and reports everything quiet there. He states that the convent under the care of the Dominican Sisters is constantly receiving new pupils and is in a flourishing condition.

His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan, returned from a visit to St. Helena and Sonoma on Wednesday.

W. A. Pryal, the founder of the weekly which is now the WESTERN WITNESS, and the first publisher and editor to give Californians a popular Catholic paper at a popular price, is now temporarily connected with the staff of the Oakland Enquirer, a daily with which he was connected for two years before he started this paper.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hopkins who had been residing on one of the Sandwich Islands for a number of years, where Mr. Hopkins was employed as chemist on a large sugar plantation, have returned to California and are visiting with the Misses Hogan at Berkeley. Mrs. Hopkins is a sister of the ladies just named, and for some years she taught school near her former home in Napa county, Cal.

Raleigh Barcar editor of the *Vrea Valley Enterprise*, who was recently in the city, speaks most hopefully of the prospects of the section which the *Enterprise* represents. He thinks they will have first-class electric road through that valley about the time he becomes a grandfather.

Val McClatchy, Business Manager of the *Sacramento Bee* was in the city on Thursday.

Felix Pyhrr, of the firm of Beck, Pyhrr & Co., dealers in California wines, leaves for Chicago next Monday to open a branch house for the sale of their well-known brand of altar wines of which they make a speciality.

We wish to draw the attention of the public at large to our Artistic Photographer FOWLER. Medals received at Mechanic's Institute, 1890, for most excellent quality of work, and 1891 for most Artistic Photographs. Studio, 337 Hayes street; branch, 1227 Market street, San Francisco. Copying and enlarging of all kinds in Crayon, India Ink and Water Colors.

A WIDOW'S MESSAGE TO HER SON.

Remember, Denis, all I bade you say;
Tell him we're well and happy, thank the
Lord;
But of our troubles since he went away,
You'll mind, avick, and never say a word;
Of cares and troubles, sure, we've all our share,
The finest summer isn't always fair.
Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May;
She died, poor thing, but that you needn't
mind;
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay;
But tell him God to us was ever kind;
And when the fever spread the country o'er,
His mercy kept the sickness from our door.
Be sure you tell him how the neighbor's came
And cut the corn, and stored it in the barn;
'Twould be as well to mention them by name—
Pat Murphy, Ned McCabe and James
McCann,
And big Tim Daley from behind the hill;
But say, agra, O say I missed him still.
They came with ready hands our toil to share,
'Twas then I missed him most—my own
right hand;
I felt, although kind hearts were 'round me
there,
The kindest heart beat in a foreign land.
Strong hand! brave heart! oh, severed far from
me
By many a weary league of shore and sea,
And tell him she was with us—he'll know who,
Mavourneen, hasn't she the winsome eyes,
The darkest, deepest, brightest, bonniest blue
I never saw except in summer skies?
And such black hair! it is the blackest hair
That ever rippled over neck so fair.
Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day,
And moped, poor dog, 'twas well he didn't
die,
Crouched by the roadside, how he watched the
way,
And sniffed the travellers as they passed him
by.
Hail, rain or sunshine, sure, 'twas all the same
He listened for the foot that never came.
Tell him the house is lonesome-like and cold,
The fire itself seems robbed of half its light,
But maybe 'tis my eyes are growing old,
And things look dim before my failing sight,
For all that tell him 'twas myself that spun
The shirts you bring, and stitched them every
one,
Give him my blessing, morning, noon and
night,
Tell him my prayers are offered for his good
That he may keep his maker still in sight,
And firmly stand as his brave father stood,
Faithful at home and steadfast still abroad.
ELLEN FORRESTER.

THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.

Appeal of the Ladies for Aid for the Starving.

The Russian Ladies' Famine Relief Society with headquarters in the Phelan Building, has issued an address giving information regarding the famine stricken districts of Russia. A number of letters of inquiry were sent out, and from the answers received brief extracts are made. Countess Sophie Tolstoi writes from Moscow that "no doubt can be entertained of the distress of our people. Its proportions are such that one loses all hope and feels that despite the desperate efforts of both government and society, their hearty sympathy with the suffering and great sacrifice in their favor, an adequate help is impossible." Other correspondents write in the same spirit, and the letters are supplemented with printed documents.

The ladies state that donations of food or money in this crisis can only be considered a tacit loan to be repaid with interest at some future time, when the occasion arises from the ups and downs of historical destiny.

Their appeal is certainly worthy of consideration as the telegraph has already informed us of the distress of the people. The president of the society is Mrs. Olga Lucebil, and the secretary Mrs. L. Russell, M. D.

Subscribe for the WESTERN WITNESS. See grand premium list.

NOTES.

There will be a solemn high mass of requiem for the repose of the soul of the late Michael McNaboe, in St. Joseph's Church, Alameda, on Tuesday, April 5th, at 10 A. M. The clergy, relatives and friends are respectfully requested to attend.

Rev. P. Brady also will have a month's memory solemn high mass at Half Moon Bay on Friday next, the 1st prox., at 9 o'clock for the repose of the soul of the late Father McNaboe.

To-morrow a branch of the League of the Cross will be organized at Mission Dolores Church at 2 P. M. Father Montgomery will preach as usual at the morning masses.

Mrs. Agnes Bemmerly has procured a magnificent set of furniture for the residence of Rev. Jas. Hynes, the pastor of Woodland.

Mrs. Annie, wife of George W. Mitchell, and daughter of Mr. Richard and Margaret Curtis, who died last Monday, was buried from St. Peter's Church on Wednesday last after a solemn requiem high mass. The esteem and appreciation in which she was held by all who knew her, was evidenced by the large attendance at the funeral.

To Aid St. Mary's Hospital.

There will be a concert in aid of the Sisters of Mercy conducting St. Mary's Hospital on Tuesday, May 10th. The committee of arrangements met at the hospital on Sunday. Letters of acquiescence were received from a number of ladies and gentlemen who were requested to act as patrons of the affair. Among them were Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, Mayor Sanderson and others. A full list of the patrons will be made up next week, as also of the names of those who will take part in the entertainment.

Answers to Queries.

"Convert" asks for information regarding Passion Sunday, and why the Church covers the crucifixes with purple cloth.

"The Sunday preceding Palm Sunday is called Passion Sunday, which is so called by the Church, because she occupies herself then more than during the previous part of Lent, with the sufferings of Christ.

"The crucifixes in the Church are covered with purple cloth to remind us of Christ concealing himself from the Jews when they attempted to stone him to death. The pictures and statues are, likewise veiled as if they were covering their faces, that they might not see all the insults and outages heaped upon our Lord Jesus Christ."

Good, faithful Catholics should redouble their fervor on this Sunday in prayer, meditation and mortification, to become more like Christ, who says of Himself: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life, and no one goeth to the Father but by Me."

Something Worth Reading.

The Grove Street Theatre, which has been opened only two weeks, has struck the chord of popularity and bids fair to become a very popular resort. Despite the low price of admission, all the plays so far presented have been elaborately staged and costumed and presented with a fidelity that would do credit to a more pretentious Thespian temple. During the week a decided improvement has been made in the auditorium, the floor being raised so as to give it a slope from the rear to the front, thus presenting an unobstructed view of the stage. During the past week Michael Strogoff was presented in an excellent manner. Next

week the bill will be Pettit & Sim's masterpiece, "Master and Man."

Mrs. Anna Morrison Reed, of Laytonville, Mendocino county, who was lately appointed one of the lady commissioners of the World's Fair in the State Board, has issued in a neat little volume a number of her later poems. The frontispiece is a handsome portrait of the authoress and the poetic genius of Mrs. Reed is clearly seen from a perusal of the work.

The *Overland Monthly* for April, a California magazine of which the state should be proud, is full of timely and appropriate interesting reading matter. An illustrated article on the San Francisco Water front, deals with the "time the water came up to Montgomery street," and contrasts existing conditions with those of previous years. Isaline Lemaillon has under the head of a series of letters a story entitled a "Unique Ordeal"; the second article on the "Indians of North America," by William E. Dougherty, U. S. A., is quite as interesting as its predecessor, and the usual number of poems and short stories go to make up the remainder. Compared with the more widely advertised magazines of eastern states the *Overland Monthly* is well able to hold its own.

The Catholic Reading Circle Review for March contains in addition to its special reading circle department, Catholic Teachers' Council and Notes and Comments, a number of timely articles among which may be mentioned "Cordelia and Queen Katherine," by Maurice Francis Egan, LL. D.; "Leo XIII. and the Labor Problem," by Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy; "Science and the Catholic Church," by Rev. Frederick Rupert and a number of other interesting sketches. W. A. Pryal, formerly the editor of the *Golden State Catholic*, contributes a paper "Educated Catholic Farmers Wanted." It is a well written article and shows the necessity of a more practical education in agricultural lines being given to the sons of farmers who attend Catholic colleges. It should find a place in every agricultural paper in the state as there are many sound truths enunciated, and the subject is handled with considerable skill.

The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* for the current month is filled with seasonal thoughts for Easter. The frontispiece, "He Is Risen," is a photograph after the celebrated painting by Plockhorst, and the article under the same title contains seven well executed illustrations. "The Last Supper" is the title of a poem by Rev. Henry K. Woods, S. J., and a large number of other articles make a readable number.

Miss A. Gorman of the Emporium of Fashion at 137 Sixteenth street, has on hand a beautiful line of millinery suitable for Easter hats and bonnets. The city can scarcely boast a better place to get bargains.

The Catholic Truth Society of America with headquarters at St. Paul, Minn., has issued the second annual report of its secretary. It has received the earnest approbation of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, four Archbishops and fifteen Bishops. They all express the hope that conferences may be established in every city and town in America. Some very interesting pamphlets accompany the report.

The fourth anniversary ball of the San Francisco Letter Carriers' Mutual Aid Association, for the benefit of their sick fund, will be held at Odd Fellows' Hall on Saturday evening, April 30th. There is no class of men in the city more deserving of support than the letter carriers; none more earnest in their duties, and none more prompt. Rain or shine, day in and day out, they go on their rounds sometimes bringing messages of love, at other times messages that cause the tears to flow. It would be a grateful tribute to their work if every one who can would help their sick fund along by purchasing a ticket.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

For pimples, fever blisters, burns, poison from ivy, mix one teaspoonful of soda with one-half glass of water and apply with a soft cloth.

After handling substances that leave a disagreeable odor upon the hands, if mustard water is used it will be found a most efficient deodorizer.

If the feet become frost bitten soak them for one-half hour in a strong, hot solution of alum water, and if one application is not enough two will be a cure.

Lemon juice will whiten frosting, cranberry or strawberry juice will color it pink and the grated rind of an orange strained through a cloth will color it yellow.

White spots on varnished furniture will disappear if you hold a hot plate from the stove over them or rub them with essence of peppermint or spirits of camphor.

Never bite or pass sewing silk through the lips, as lead poisoning has been known to result from such a habit, as it is soaked in acetate of lead to make it weigh heavier.

A bruised spot or dent on furniture may be raised to the level of the surface in the following way: Lay six thicknesses of brown paper soaked in water over the dent and press with a hot iron over the paper; as the moisture evaporates the spot should disappear.

POWDER AND BALL.

The rudder of the French ironclad *Brutus*, which was recently launched at Lorient, was 18 feet high and 13 feet wide, weighing 17 tons.

Great Britain does not pay her volunteer troops for the time they pass in camp during the summer, but there is a growing feeling in military circles that she ought to.

Irishmen are leaving the British army at the rate of 1,000 a year. A quarter of a century ago the army contained more than 50,000 Irishmen, but now the number hardly reaches 28,000.

Juvenile Department.

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

A Particular Horse.

The late General Pater of the British army was very stout. Indeed, he was much larger than General Winfield Scott and all of us know from the pictures that the hero of the Mexican war must have been heavy in the saddle.

While General Pater was at Madras in India he bought a powerful horse for use as a charger. The horse eyed the general very queerly as if shy of him, and as soon as he mounted, the animal got down and wallowed in the sand. A second attempt to mount was a failure also; nor could the horse be forced to cease from his trick of lying down. He seemed to say:

"General Pater is too fat to fit my back, thank you."

So the officer sold the horse to a young captain, who took the charger to a distant station. More than two years passed and the officer had ceased to think of the provoking episode, when he set out on a tour of inspection.

The morning after his arrival at one of the stations in northern India, the troops were drawn up in line for review. According to custom a groom led out a horse for the use of the general who approached the parade ground in a chair carried by stalwart natives. General Pater got down out of his chair and started to vault into the saddle, when lo! down dropped the horse rolling over on the ground.

Then for the first time the officer recognized his Madras charger, which, however, had known the stout general at first sight. Neither blows nor entreaties would induce the horse to rise, and the officer was given a more docile and less particular steed to make the review.

The Frigate Bird.

I see a small blue point in the heaven, happy and serene region, which has rested in peace far above the hurricane! In that blue point and at an elevation of ten thousand feet, royally floats a little bird with enormous pinions. A gull? No; its wings are too black. An eagle? No; the bird is too small.

It is the little ocean-eagle, first and chief of the winged race, the daring navigator who never furls his sails, the lord of the tempest, the scorner of all peril, the man-of-war or frigate bird.

We have reached the culminating point of the series commenced by the wingless bird. Here we have a bird which is virtually nothing more than wings; scarcely any body—barely as large as that of the domestic cock; while his prodigious pinions are fifteen feet in span. The storm bursts; he mounts to lofty heights where he finds tranquility. The poetic metaphor, untrue when applied to any other bird, is no exaggeration when applied to him; literally, "he sleeps upon the storm."

When he chooses to soar his way seriously, all distance vanishes, he breakfasts at the Senegal, he dines in America.—Michelet.

A Midget from Holland.

The smallest man in the world is said to be a midget from Holland twenty-four years of age who calls himself "Prince Mignon," and who is exhibiting in Berlin. This little chap is exactly two feet high and is a perfectly formed human being; his performances as an acrobat are really wonderful.

The most egotistical of the United States, "Me," the most religious, "Mass," most Asiatic, "Ind," father of states, "Pa," most maidenly, "Miss," best in time of flood, "Ark," most astonishing state, "O," most unhealthy state, "Ill," state to cure the sick, "Md," state for students, "Conn," state where there is no such word as fail, "Kan," not a state for the untidy, "Wash."

DONOHUE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for April is a very interesting number. The leading article gives an account of the importance of the Irish Element in New York Public Life, by Hon. Edwin Arlington. A Contrast, by Miss Anna T. Sadlier. Convict Priests in Australia. Mary Magdalen, a poem from the German. Rt. Rev. John M. Farley, D. D., V. G. (with a portrait). Why Mixed Marriages Should be Avoided. The late Cardinal Manning on the life of Ireland's Patron Saint. Auxiliary Trade Schools. Forty Years in the Church. Present Outlook of the Negro Catholic Missions in the United States. The juvenile department is very interesting. These are but a few of the numerous articles in the present issue. Buy the MAGAZINE and see for yourself. \$2 a year. With the WESTERN WITNESS only \$2 50 per year. Address WESTERN WITNESS 113-115 Hayes St. San Francisco.

Bluff King Hal.

The libretto of the opera of "Bluff King Hal," written by Daniel O'Connell, Editor of the WESTERN WITNESS, can be had of the Catholic Publishing Society, 113-115 Hayes street.

F. J. Kupfer & Co's. new drug store, corner Van Ness ave. and McAllister street is now open.

FEMININE FANCIES.

Mrs. Russell Sage is said to be a model presiding officer at business meetings of women's societies or clubs. She looks much younger than she really is.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton, the wife of the vice president, has a decided love for the essence of wild crab apple blossoms and sprinkles it all over her clothing.

Mrs. Taylor, of Little Washington, Pa., is known as the oil queen because she has accumulated a fortune of \$3,000,000 by personal investments in the Ritchie county fields.

Vocalists in church choirs sometimes get small fortunes for little work. Miss De Vere, a New York soprano, receives \$5,000 a year for her vocal efforts in a fashionable church.

One of the best mining experts of Arizona is Nellie Casiman, a tall, dark eyed young woman less than thirty. She is known all over the state as a most reliable worker.

Mrs. J. S. Clarkson knows every politician of any note in the country and stands between her husband and them on important occasions. Her judgment is conceded to surpass that of many prominent men.

The Princess Louise and Mrs. Harrison are the only women who have ever been allowed to set foot within the cloisters of the monastery of Santa Barbara, in California, and even after their visits the ground was reconsecrated.

The only works of fiction that Miss Rachel Sherman, the general's daughter, is said to enjoy are the novels of Thackeray. She is a great student of history and biography. She has dark gray eyes, luxuriant auburn hair and a clear, pale complexion.

Mrs. Spurgeon takes actual charge of all the funds which are intrusted to her husband for keeping. The orphan asylums, missions and special institutions funds, for which Mr. Spurgeon is a sponsor, and for which money is sent to him, are all handed over to Mrs. Spurgeon for safe keeping.

Mrs. Orme Wilson, the third daughter of Mrs. William Astor, loves heliotrope dearly. She loves the flower, she loves the color, she loves the perfume. She uses the extract liberally, but it is a modified extract, specially made to her order, the one usually sold being too pungent for her dainty taste.

"The first white child born in Oregon, Mrs. Fred J. Schroeder, nee Perry, was born at Clatsop plains, on the Lower Columbia river, in October, 1848. Mrs. Schroeder was recently presented to her by the pioneers and resident citizens who desired to honor and recognize the historical event."

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A CAST FOR FORTUNE.

A Story of Mexican Life, by the Famous Catholic Novelist, Christian Reid.

CHAPTER XII.



"Is he dead?"

"I am sorry," said Don Maurizio, coming out the next morning to find the usual group gathered under the arcade around the great doorway—to wit, Dona Zarifa, Derwent, the horses and the mozos—"that I shall have to disappoint you about our ride this morning. I find by a letter which I have just received that I must go on business to Eitzatlan, and it would not be agreeable to either of you to accompany me there."

"Of course not, papa," said Dona Zarifa, who was standing by her horse's head, feeding him with sugar, which the beautiful, intelligent creature took daintily from her hand. "And it is really as well—at least, so far as I am concerned—that the ride is deferred," she went on. "When I went to the hospital this morning I found Poor Benita wandering in mind, and my presence seemed to soothe her. So I will go back at once. Adios, my beauty!"—she patted the horse's arching neck—"are you sorry that you will not have to carry me this morning?"

"I am sure that he is, if I may be allowed to interpret his sentiments by my own," said Derwent. "And you are going to the hospital, senorita? I can say nothing against such a charitable intention; but before you spoke—so quick is thought—I was about to propose a visit to the Canada. Ever since you said that you would like a picture of it, I have been anxious to try what my efforts can accomplish in the way of a sketch."

"But I thought you disclaimed any artistic skill!" she said, with some surprise.

"I said that I was not an artist. That is true. But I have a little facility in sketching from nature, though not much training. I cannot promise you a finished picture, but I may make a passable drawing of the ravine."

"I shall be delighted," she said. "I hope that you will try. And surely my absence cannot matter. You do not need assistance in your drawing?"

"Oh, yes," said Derwent, though he had the grace to blush, "I need your assistance to determine the best point of view—that is, the one you would prefer. But I will take my materials and follow my own judgment. Then, when you have finished your charitable ministrations, you will perhaps come and tell me if you like my choice."

"Yes, I will come," she said, smiling. And then, without waiting to change her dress, she walked away toward the village on the other side of the gardens. Derwent stood and watched her as long as she was in sight. The close fitting habit showed every line of her statuesque figure and the perfect grace with which she moved, as she passed down one of the shady avenues, her favorite companion, a beautiful greyhound, walking beside her and looking as thoroughbred as herself. All around stretched the grounds, dappled with sunshine and shadow, while the long vista of the tree arched avenue held only the one moving figure, as a perfect picture, in the heart of the green loveliness.

Derwent gave a deep sigh. "If I could only paint that!" he said half aloud, and then turned, with some confusion, to find Padre Francisco beside him.

"What is that you would like to paint?" asked the priest. "This view of the gardens? Yes, it is very charming. But is not that Dona Zarifa that I see walking away, yonder? How is it that your usual ride is not to be taken?"

Derwent explained, adding, "So Dona Zarifa has gone to the hospital to see some poor woman who is wandering in her mind."

"Benita. Yes; she will die, I fear."

"And I am going to try and sketch the Canada. Will you come, padre mio, and see my failure?"

"I will come for a little while and see your success," the padre answered, "for I do not think that you are likely to attempt anything in which you would fail."

"I should not wish to attempt what I knew to be beyond my powers, certainly. But a man cannot always tell beforehand whether he will succeed in an effort, even when he thinks he may."

"If he has gauged his powers correctly he can generally tell, at least, in some degree. You, Senor Derwent, know pretty accurately, I think, what you can do."

points or view, and it was finally decided that the sketch should be made from the pavilion. So Derwent settled himself, with the more satisfaction because he had a support on the railing for his book and a roof overhead to keep away the intrusive rays of the sun. Padre Francisco lingered, talking pleasantly, until he was finally at work; and then, saying that his own work awaited him, he took his departure, with many wishes for the success of the picture.

As his slender, cask-necked figure went down the glen Derwent watched it with a smile, saying to himself that if his picture was a success that figure should enter into it. "Dona Zarifa will like that," he thought, for he knew how dear the gentle priest was to every one at Miraflores. He had heard from Don Maurizio that he belonged to one of the proscribed religious orders, which, robbed, exiled and defrauded by the government, are yet quietly doing the work of God in poverty and obscurity all over Mexico.

The young man was thinking of that figure, and of all the long line of such figures which had Christianized and civilized a savage people, as he worked with a facility that surprised himself. Perhaps the stimulus was the desire to gratify Dona Zarifa—for love can do wonderful things and develop powers almost undreamed of—or perhaps he possessed more talent than he had hitherto imagined. At all events his sketch was growing in the most satisfactory manner, and he was so absorbed in its progress that he had almost forgotten to wonder if Dona Zarifa would appear according to her promise, when suddenly, in such quick succession as to be almost simultaneous, two shots rang sharply on the air, the last—a rifle ball—just grazing his ear and then flattening itself on the stone column beside which he sat.

The book dropped from his hand and the sheet of paper on which he was sketching was borne by a current of air over the railing and fluttered unheeded into the current below, as with a violent start he looked up to see Dona Zarifa standing on the path below, with a still smoking pistol in her uplifted hand.

In an instant he was by her side, for instinct told him that the shot had not been fired idly. "For God's sake, what is it?" he cried, gazing with astonishment at the pale, set face, the shining eyes and the uplifted hand pointing so steadily without a tremor in the direction of the pavilion.

"There is a man, an assassin, behind yonder rock," she answered, in a clear, vibrant tone, pointing to a low, long boulder that crowned the hill which rose immediately in the rear of the pavilion. "I saw him about to shoot you, and I fired just as he had his finger on the trigger. His aim swerved and he fell. I think I killed him."

"I will see," said Derwent, turning quickly; but she stopped him by a motion and extended the pistol. "He may be merely wounded," she said. "Be cautious."

With no recollection of his weakness he sprang forward, and hastened up the steep ascent. Eighteen or twenty yards brought him to the boulder, and there on the ground behind it was the assassin. His rifle where it had fallen beside him. At the first glance Derwent thought he was dead, but on examination discovered that, though insensible, he was still breathing. Throwing open his loose white upper garment, the young man saw that the pistol ball had entered his chest some little distance below the heart. A stream of dark blood was flowing from it, and Derwent's first act was to place his thumb on the bullet-hole. The next moment he heard a step, and turning his head saw Zarifa standing beside him, looking down at the man's face with an expression of intense pain. But she asked in a hushed tone:

"Is he dead?"

"No; and I am not sure that the wound need be fatal if we can get speedy help. Can you go for it?"

"Yes, certainly," he answered, starting away impulsively. But before she had gone three steps she turned again, and picking up the man's weapon carried it a short distance away. "Have you the pistol in your hand?" she said. "Be on your guard; some of these people are very treacherous. I will soon bring assistance and Padre Francisco. I left him at the hospital."

When she was gone, Derwent for the first time looked closely at the man's face. It was dark, with finely cut features and a tangled mass of black hair; but not even the closed eyes and relaxed muscles could soften its fierce and sinister expression. A desperado in appearance as well as in deed, he looked thoroughly capable of the dastardly act in which vengeance had overtaken him, and Derwent felt with a sense of shuddering horror, such as he had never before even imagined, that but for the strangely fortunate chance—or was it the mercy of heaven?—that had brought Dona Zarifa upon the scene at the critical moment, he himself would now be lying with his life blood welling out and his eyes closed forever to the things of earth.

The man must be indeed insensible who, having as it were, felt the very breath of death upon his cheek, is not thrilled by the touch of that great and terrible mystery. Nor was the thrill lessened by thinking of the hand that saved him, the gentlewoman's hand that had never before taken even the life of a bird, but that had not faltered in striking the murderer down. What a fire of fierce indignation had been in the dark eyes when he met them first! It was like the deadly flash of a sword from its sheath. He found himself recalling it with such a sense of conflicting emotion that it was well for him that the sound of quickly approaching steps tore his mind from the subject. Padre Francisco had been met by Dona Zarifa before she had gone far, and he hurried on at once to join Derwent, while she proceeded quickly to the hospital and, in less time than they dared hope, several men bearing a litter made their appearance.

With the practiced skill of one accustomed to such work, the padre bandaged the wound, and the man was placed on

the litter just as Zarifa once more appeared.

"The doctor will be at the hospital by the time you get there," she said. "Do you think, padre mio, that—"

"He will live?" the priest said, concluding her faltering sentence. "I cannot tell. He is still insensible, but I believe he will recover consciousness soon, and I shall stay beside him. Go home now, my child. This has been a great shock to you. Go."

But Dona Zarifa shook her head, and Derwent saw by her pallor and the expression of her face how much she was suffering. "I will go to the hospital," she said. "I can render assistance there."

"None," said the padre gently, but firmly. "You must go to the casa. If Don Maurizio has returned send him to us, but you can do nothing. Take Senor Derwent with you."

"No," said Derwent, "my place is certainly here to help you with your burden. But Dona Zarifa must go. It is too painful a sight for her."

"Nothing is too painful when one can do anything to help," she said. "But if there is nothing—"

She cast one more glance at the man on the litter, shuddered and turned away. Derwent followed her with his eyes and with his heart, but an intuition told him that it was best to leave her alone, even if there had not been work for him to do. It was slow and difficult work conveying the wounded man to the hospital, where Our Lady of Guadalupe stood above the doorway, as if to welcome all who came, and where he was laid down on a white bed—the most wild, gaunt, bloody object that had ever come within those quiet walls.

CHAPTER XIII.



He took the other hand and kissed it.

Exultation is the only word which will at all describe Don Maurizio's sentiments when he heard of that morning's work. He could scarcely think of Derwent's narrow escape, or of the terrible necessity laid upon Dona Zarifa, in his gratification at having the would-be assassin in his own hands.

"Now we shall know all!" he said; "now the mystery will be cleared up! Nothing better could have happened—if only the scoundrel can be kept alive until he confesses."

"I am afraid," said Derwent, "that will be difficult. He looks to me as if he were sinking fast."

They had just left the hospital, where the subject of their conversation was lying in a state of apparent insensibility, with the doctor on one side of his bed and Padre Francisco on the other.

"I do not think he is so near death as you imagine," Don Maurizio answered. "These Indians have wonderful powers of vitality. He will rally sufficiently to speak, and that is all we want. I have told the doctor to spare no effort to keep him alive and give him strength to do this. Our best hope, however, is from the influence of Padre Francisco. He will bring him to contrition and confession."

"Do you believe it possible?"

"Yes; I have seen it too often not to believe it possible. Men like this are different from your criminals, inasmuch as they are not able to rid themselves of the saving principle of faith. Like the devils, they believe and tremble. The justice of God is a very real thing to them—the comfortable delusion that there is no such justice not having yet reached them; and when death comes, their overmastering desire is to make their peace with God as far as possible."

"I hope, for Dona Zarifa's sake," said Derwent, "that this man may not die."

"Does the doctor think there is any hope for him?"

"Not the least. The bullet is in his lung. It was a good shot—no man could have made a better. Why should he regret it? If he had not shot him you would be dead; and there cannot be much doubt of the relative value of the two lives. And it will save him trouble if he dies now—after having spoken—for if he were to recover it would only be to be marched out and shot as a highway robber. Such crimes are dealt with summarily here."

Derwent could not but smile. "In that case it will be better for him to die comfortably in your hospital, with Padre Francisco's gentle ministrations," he said. "But I am grieved beyond measure that Dona Zarifa should have been forced to an act so painful to herself in order to save my life. It almost makes me regret that I ever came to Miraflores."

"Nonsense!" said Don Maurizio, good-naturedly. "If she feels any pain on the subject—which I cannot believe—it shows a morbid spirit that I would not have suspected in her. I am proud, myself, that she rose to the occasion so well. She should be grateful to have had the opportunity not only to save your life, but also to clear Senor Barrera of a very dark suspicion; as I am sure this man's confession will clear him."

"I hope it will," said Derwent; "but to take human life—that is hard even for a man!"

"To take human life—the life of a cowardly assassin—when it is to save the life of an unconscious man at whose

back he has leveled his gun!" cried Don Maurizio with impatience, not unmingled with scorn. "I should feel no more regret for that necessity than for shooting a tiger in a jungle. Neither would you. Neither, I am certain, does Zarifa. The marvelously fortunate thing is that she came upon the ground just at that moment when her presence was needed."

"Yes," said Derwent; "if she had been a minute later I should not be walking here with you now."

He looked around, as if with a sudden sense of how near the peril had been, and how narrow the chance that he would ever look again upon the beauty of earth. Never had that beauty seemed to touch him more keenly than in connection with this thought. The long shadows of late afternoon were now stretching across the grounds through which he had watched Dona Zarifa walking in the morning, unconscious, as most of us are when the dark wing of Azrael most nearly overshadows us, that he might be looking his last upon that gracious form: the wide plain stretched into magical blueness afar to meet the luminous sky, the distant purple heights had a more mystic charm than ever in his eyes, and the fresh, delicious air seemed fraught with blessing. He had a feeling as if a new life were given to him—a life divided from that of yesterday by the gulf of a great danger, and a life which was the gift (after God) of Zarifa. "It is owing to her that I am here!" he thought, after a rush of emotion, a sense that existence had become something dearer and more precious for that fact. "She will tell me that she would have done the same for any one, and I know that she would have done it for the poorest peasant in Mexico. No matter. It was for me that she did it. Nothing can alter that."

Almost oppressed with these thoughts, and also with the passionate desire to express them (in a modified form), he sought Dona Zarifa when he entered the house, but sought her in vain. He had by this time learned most of her habits, but in none of them was she to be found. No one had seen her for hours—nothing since, after having done everything that it was in her power to do for the wounded man, she had returned to the house and gone to her own apartments. She was not there, however, when Derwent, waylaying her maid, asked for her. "No, the senorita has gone out," Marcella made him understand. "I saw her pass across the court a short time ago."

It will not say much for Derwent's devotional instincts that it was only when he was altogether balked in his desire to express his gratitude to Zarifa that he thought of offering the same sentiment to God. Perhaps he would not have thought of it at all—certainly not of taking his way to church for the purpose—had not the atmosphere of Miraflores begun to tell on him. But he had a nature readily impressed by all things beautiful, and most readily by those which were beautiful in the moral rather than in the physical order. When he saw the whole household of Miraflores, and all those on the hacienda who were able to do so, gather every morning in the beautiful chapel for the most august of all acts of worship—when he saw all day long men, women and children passing through its open doors, seizing a few moments from their toil to offer a petition, to leave a thanksgiving, or simply to rest soul and body as in the shelter of a father's house—the beauty of it struck him more than words can express. The lovely church, with its never dying altar flame and its atmosphere of infinite calm, seemed like the heart of all the busy life around—a heart ever turned to God, yet also open ever to man, and full of holy thoughts and words as a censer is of fragrance.

Thither, then, he took his way, as the sun of the day which might have been his last on earth was slowly sinking behind the western mountains. Crossing the quiet, cloisterlike court which led to the church, he entered by the side door and found himself in the soft, mellow gloom, with which he was by this time familiar. As usual, two or three figures were kneeling here and there over the nave; but it was not until he had been in the church for several minutes that he identified one of them as Zarifa. She was kneeling on a prie-dieu just before the altar, her bowed head covered and her form partially concealed by the black drapery thrown around her. She seemed absorbed in prayer, and Derwent watched her for some time before she made the faintest movement. It was not until the dusk had deepened and the only light in the church was that of the flickering, golden radiance from the tabernacle lamps that she lifted her head and rising glided across the nave toward the door by which he had entered. He followed her at once, and, when she paused for a moment under the pointed archway outside, reached her and spoke.

"Senor Derwent!" she exclaimed with a start. "I did not know that you were here."

"Could I be in a better place?" he asked, in a voice that trembled a little from emotion. "I came here to thank God for my escape from sudden and violent death. And, having thanked God, senorita, will you now let me thank you? Thank you! Ah, what a word that is to express such a debt! If I could only utter what I feel—if there were only words in which I might venture to utter it!"

She lifted one hand with a slight, silencing gesture as she turned her face toward him. There was still light enough from the blue sky overarching the court to show him that it looked like a pale, beautiful cameo in the setting of the soft, black drapery of China crape which surrounded it. Yet, beautiful as it looked, Derwent was almost shocked to see what a change the last few hours had wrought. It was not only the pallor of the skin and the purple shadows under the eyes—those shadows which come so quickly in a sensitive organization from illness or mental pain—but the very features looked chiseled and attenuated, as if by suffering.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHIP AND SPUR.

There is talk of building two or more kite shaped tracks in Kentucky.

Oarsman, the once famous race horse, was recently sold at auction by a constable at Gloucester, N. J., for thirty-two dollars.

After old Eurys' death a very large tumor was found in the carcass, and to its presence is ascribed his inconsistent running.

Six of the leading stables of Austria and Hungary have been dispersed on account of a reaction of feeling caused by recent turf scandals.

Mat Byrnes thinks that if sufficient prizes were in sight J. B. Haggin might send Salvador to him for preparation and fall racing in 1892.

John Dickerson, who is one of the few trotting horse drivers that never buys a pool, recently purchased a 240 acre farm near Terre Haute, Ind.

Palo Alto has the honor of having produced the animals that hold the two, three, four and five-year-old, as well as the stallion and mare trotting records.

W. C. France, Lexington, Ky., suggests that each contestant for 2300 honors should trot three consecutive heats in 2:30 or better, or not be admitted to the list.

Jockey Fred Taral has purchased a handsome brownstone house at One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street and Lenox avenue, New York city. Price, \$22,000.

Advices from Australia state that Musket's great son, Carbine, has hopelessly broken down. Carbine started forty-three times, won thirty-three, was second six, third three and unplaced only once.

The two-year-old trotting record has been reduced 34 seconds in the last twenty years. In 1871 Julia Ann Johnson made the champion two-year-old record of 2:45 1/2 at Lexington, Ky. In 1891 the great two-year-old colt Arion trotted to a record of 2:10 1/2 at Stockton, Cal.

The track at Danville, Pa., is a unique affair. A person can stand within a few hundred feet of it and not see it. The track is located on the mountain side, drops down a hill at the first turn and the back stretch is thirty feet below the judges' stand. The course can be used in an hour after the heaviest rainstorm.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.

Fanny Davenport has bought a California ranch.

Gus Heege, of "Yon Yonson" fame, was educated for the priesthood.

Katie Russell, sister of Lillian, the comic opera queen, is an artist of considerable ability.

The fortune left by W. J. Florence amounts to about \$70,000. He made \$500,000 from "The Mighty Dollar."

"The Old Homestead" is said to have played to \$146,000 during its twelve weeks' season at the big Boston theater.

The play in which Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew are starring is by Archibald Gordon. Its title is "That Girl from Mexico."

Henry Irving has declined the invitation to attend the International Dramatic exposition at Vienna as the English representative.

The statements that W. J. Scanlan is losing his memory are not true. He has been ill, but his illness has been of the stomach, not of the head.

The prima donna Etelka Gerster has bought the Palazzo Mezzona in Italy, which for more than 220 years has been the property of the Rossi family.

One curious thing about Mascagni's new opera "Friend Fritz" is that the chorus is invisible throughout the performance. Peasants and children are heard singing, but they never are seen.

The father of Blanche Walsh, who plays the part of Queen Elizabeth in Marie Wainwright's production of "Amy Robsart," used to be warden of the Tombs prison in New York. He is known as "Fatty" Walsh.

Archibald Gordon, author of "That Girl from Mexico," "The Crushed Tragedian" and other plays, is collaborating with Octavus Cohen, the Charleston editor, on a play of southern antebellum rice planter life. It will be called "Santee."

William Gordon Wills, the English dramatist, who died recently, was the author of "Eugene Aram," "Charles the First," "Buckingham" and other plays, a famous portrait painter, and wrote "The Wife's Evidence" and "Notice to Quit," two celebrated novels.

PEN, PENCIL AND BRUSH.

Thomas Nelson Page, the writer of southern stories, is said to be a very good lawyer.

Mrs. Frank Leslie says she would not give up editorial direction for all the men in the world, and she likes the men too.

One of the possessions of Hall Caine, the British novelist, is the lantern borne by Eugene Aram on the fateful night of his historic murder.

According to a vote taken by a popular woman's journal, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is one of the ten most popular novelists of America among either men or women.

Hubert Herkimer tells of a lady who, upon applying to him for a portrait, asked if he flattered his sitters. His reply was in the negative. Thereupon she exclaimed, "Then I must go somewhere else."

Margaret Manton is quite a unique figure in the newspaper world. She writes Washington correspondence and also fiction novelettes. She is very dark. Her features are rather strong than delicate. Her countenance has a wonderful play and variety of expression.

F. Hopkinson Smith, the author, lecturer, artist and engineer, is a man of about forty, of large frame and with a face that radiates genial good nature. He first became known to the public from his sketches in black and white. Then followed his short stories which have deservedly made his name famous.

EPICURIAN MORSELS.

Spun egg soup is a potage of recent invention.

Fig salad with champagne sauce is a favorite dessert.

The chocolate mixer is an important table implement in Mexico.

In English country houses the luncheon is a very substantial meal.

All menus in Germany must be written in German by imperial decree.

To coat an oyster too thickly before frying is to disguise a good thing.

It is a waste of a good thing to cook terrapin without some sort of liquor.

The truffle is now declared to be a morbid excretion of the root of the oak.

Sliced lotus root is one of the delicacies to be had at Japanese eating houses.—Hotel Mail.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE. COMMENCING SUNDAY, NOV. 29, 1891, and until further notice, boats and trains leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market-street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere and San Rafael.

WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.

SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 2:00, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, A. M. 12:45, 3:40, 5:05, P. M.

SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40 A. M.; 12:15, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:30, P. M.

SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:35, 10:05 A. M.; 12:40, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco DESTINATION Arrive San Francisco

Week Days Week Days

7:40 A 8:00 A Petaluma 10:40 A 8:50 A

3:30 P 9:30 A Santa Rosa 6:05 P 10:30 A

5:00 P 5:00 P 7:25 P 6:10 P

7:40 A 8:00 A 7:25 P 6:10 P

3:30 P 8:00 A 7:25 P 6:10 P

7:40 A 8:00 A 10:40 A 8:50 A

5:00 P 5:00 P 6:05 P 6:10

7:40 A 8:00 A 10:40 A 8:50 A

3:30 P 5:00 P 6:05 P 6:10

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Steward's Point, Gualala and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at

Piedra for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usl, Hydeville and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays, to Petaluma, \$1 50; to Santa Rosa, \$2 25; to Healdsburg, \$3 40; to Cloverdale, \$4 50; to Hopland, \$5 70; to Ukiah, \$6 75; to Sebastopol, \$7 50; to Geyserville, \$8 65; to Sonoma, \$1 50; to Glen Ellen, \$1 80

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sunday only, to Petaluma, \$1 00; to Santa Rosa, \$1 50; to Healdsburg, \$2 25; to Cloverdale, \$3 00; to Ukiah, \$4 50; to Hopland, \$3 80; to Sebastopol, \$1 80; to Geyserville, \$2 50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1 20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager. PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

Ticket offices

THE PUZZLER

No. 75.—A Diamond.

O
O O O
O O O O O
O O O
O

The single letters represent vowels; the upper row of three a "generation;" the lower row of three, a goddess of revenge; the rows of five across, a gem from the sea; downward, an uncrystallized variety of quartz; its colors are delicately arranged in stripes or bands, or blended in clouds, which sometimes resemble moss.

No. 76.—A Charade.

Part of a flower in slumber light,
I cradle off a fairy bright;
Part of a fruit, the thirsty lip
Of elf from me his draft may sip;
To man I bring deep degradation,
Or offer holiest consolation.

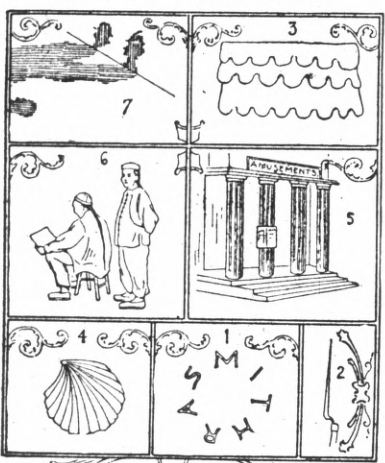
No. 77.—Pl.

Eh, how roof nose of nez,
Sendig ghrutho het uondslebs ysk hrt terna
tighl,
Ni teh golv yaw hatt i smut deart nealo,
Liwl deat ym pests galrit.

No. 78.—Historic Enigmas.

1. He who placed the crown on the head of Charles II.
2. The butcher's son whose palace was hung with cloth of gold.
3. He who was surnamed "The Great Marquis."
4. He who was the conqueror of Van Tromp.
5. A signal of death, and a father's pride.
6. He who was unjustly called "The Lying Traveler."
7. The knight "without fear and without reproach."
8. The signal of Van Tromp.
9. A famous Scottish hero.
10. He who first sailed around the world.
11. He who first introduced tobacco into England.
12. The conqueror who fell by a quarrel with a woman.

No. 79.—Pictorial Puzzle.



Each of the seven pictures in the above illustration may be described by a word of seven letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below the other in the order here given the central letters (indicated by stars) will spell the surname of an American author, and the letters from 1 to 14 (as indicated in the diagram) will spell the name under which, for a time, he wrote.—St. Nicholas.

No. 80.—Square and Half Square.

1. A lounge, 2. To cover, 3. A machine for turning and shaping wood, 4. A girle worn by Jewish priests, 5. Plants with hollow, knotted stalks.
1. Pleasantly, 2. An open surface, 3. Nevertheless, 4. Behold, 5. A letter.

No. 81.—Enigmatical Animals.

1. A kind of meat, and a termination.
2. To injure and a number.
3. A vowel, and ground.
4. A termination, and a pronoun.

No. 82.—Hidden Authors.

1. I worked hard yesterday to finish my dress in season for the ball.
2. Do you think Mrs. Snow will allow Ella to go with us?
3. I do not think that Gerald, rich as he is, feels contented and happy.
4. That ugly little crab ate some of the crumbs we threw in the water.
5. There is sure to be a saint in that dainty fan of yours from Japan.
6. We will take stock tonight, for the store must be open during the day.

An Acute Young Man.

School Teacher—Now, Bobbie, spell needle.
Bobbie—N-e-e-d-l-e.
School Teacher—Wrong. There's no "i" in needle.
Bobbie—Well, 'tain't a good needle, then.

Key to the Puzzler.

- No. 66.—Enigmatical Anagram: Atmosphere.
No. 67.—A Mythological Voyage: Charon crossing the Styx.
No. 68.—A Stately Mausoleum: Otho, Soliman, Leo, Tippoo, Joseph, Edward, Peter, Vera.
No. 69.—Crossword Enigma: Darling.
No. 70.—Word Squares:
D R A M A R E D A N
R O B E D E V A D E
A B I D E D A Z E S
M E D A L A D E P T
A D E L E N E S T S
No. 71.—Metagram: Bore, Core, Fore, Gore, Lore, More, Pore, Sore, Tore, Yore.
No. 72.—Oriental Acrostics: Initials—Mahomet. Crosswords—1. Mecca, 2. Allah, 3. Hour, 4. Osman, 5. Mufti, 6. Emeir, 7. Tunis.
No. 73.—Anagrams from Shakespeare: 1. Mustard Seed, 2. Countess of Rouillon, 3. Sir Hugh Evans, 4. Titus Andronicus, 5. Deiphobus, 6. Lady Mortimer, 7. Demetrius, 8. Prince of Arragon, 9. For tinbras, 10. William Shakespeare, 11. Cornelius, 12. Andromache, 13. Archduke of Austria, 14. Cleopatra, 15. Egla-mour, 16. Nerissa, 17. Duchess of Gloucester, 18. Joan La Pucelle, 19. John of Gaunt, 20. Coriolanus, 21. M. A. Emil Lepidus, 22. Barnardine.
No. 74.—Enigmatical Birds: Hornbill, Knot, Turnstone, Blackcock, Bittern, Bobolink, Flycatcher.

LIGHT LARRY.

The Crocodile.
A Crocodile once dropped a line
To a fox to invite him to dine,
But the fox wrote to say
"He was dining, that day,
With a Bird friend," and begged to decline.

She sent off at once to a Goat:
"Pray don't disappoint me," she wrote;
But he answered too late,
"He'd forgotten the date,
Having thoughtlessly eaten her note."

The Crocodile thought him ill bred,
And invited two Rabbits instead;
But the Rabbits replied
"They were hopelessly tied
By a previous engagement," and fled.

Then she wrote in despair to some Eels,
And begged them to "drop in" to meals;
But the Eels left their cards,
"With their coldest regards,"
And took to what went for their heels.

Cried the Crocodile then, in disgust,
"My motives they seem to mistrust,
Their suspicions are base!
Since they don't know their place,
I suppose if I must starve I must!"
—Oliver Herford in St. Nicholas.

History Handed Down.

Little Willie—Say, wasn't you in the war with my father?
General Gorehunter—Yes, sir, I was. I was with your father, my boy, in the memorable affair of Chestnut Rib. Ah, that was a day! Shells bursting all around; bullets flying like hail; men moved down like grass. My son, that was a day!
Little Willie—And didn't you run?
General Gorehunter—What! I run? I, with the ancestral blood of three generations and a French marshal coursing through my veins? I see myself now being pursued by the enemy. Ha, ha! Run? That's a good joke. Run? Ha! No, Willie, I should say I didn't run.
Little Willie (slowly and decisively)—Then pop lied.—Truth.

She Wanted to Know.

"Do you love me?" she asked. "Yes, I do," he replied.
And added, "I swear it, dear Lou."
"I know that you swear it," the fair maiden sighed.
"But, John, are you sure that you do?"
—New York Press.

Easily Happy.

"Do I understand," she said, bending her glorious eyes upon him as though she would read his inmost soul, "do I understand that 'howells stands higher in your esteem than... Tell me, Archibald." The young man moved uneasily. "To tell the truth, Clarissa," he said, smiling a sickly smile, "I could be happy were both dear charmers away."—New York Herald.

Johnny's Dare.

Teacher—What do you mean, sir, by hitting Johnny McCork with a brick?
Bad Boy—He put a chip on his shoulder and dared me to knock it off.
Teacher—Is that any reason why you should throw a brick at him?
Bad Boy—Please, mum, I wasn't firin' at Johnny. I was firin' at th' chip.—Good News.

All Around.

Here lies all we found of Larry McGan,
Whom we called Podunk's best all-around man;
And an all-around man we call him still,
For he was blown up in a powder mill.
—Chicago Tribune.

Warm Enough.

New Boarder (shivering)—The house seems very cold, madam.
Mrs. Slimlight—Does it? Why, I'm as hot as fire.
"Hum! Pardon me, but why does the end of your nose look so blue?"
"Oh! that comes from my aristocratic ancestry."—Good News.

Enjoying Himself.

There was a young lady named Nell,
Who considered herself quite a belle.
She sat on the sand
And held her own hand,
And never got on to the sell.
—Yale Record.

Congratulations.

Freshleigh (in ecstasy of bliss)—Congratulations, me, boys. I am engaged to Miss Spooner.
Charlie Binthere! My heartiest congratulations, dear fel! I was engaged to Miss Spooner myself for fourteen months.—Life.

On the Sleigh Ride.

She felt so cold, she said, although
Her cloak was lined with fur;
He straightway took the hint and made
It warm enough for her.
—Cloak Review.

And So He Saw Nothing.

Cleventon—I hear you were at the matinee the other day. How did you like the play?
Dashaway—I didn't see the play.
Cleventon—Why not?
Dashaway—I got there too late to get seats in the front row.—Truth.

The Lamb Again.

Mary had a little lamb.
With fleece of snowy tint,
And Mary loved the lamb because
'Twas served with sauce of mint.
—Philadelphia Press.

Renewing His Wardrobe.

Featherstone—I wonder where those trousers are that I ordered?
Ringway—Why, I thought you said you couldn't afford any more clothes?
Featherstone—I couldn't. But I got a new tailor.—Clothing and Furnisher.

Another Paraphrase.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,"
But not as quickly as it should;
It rises nine times out of ten
Too late to do us any good.
—New York Press.

Sociable Neighbors.

Mr. Moveoff—Well, my dear, how do you find the neighbors here—sociable?
Mrs. Moveoff—Very. Three or four of them have already sent in to ask if I would allow their children to use our piano to practice on.—New York Weekly.

Unreasonable.

Housekeeper (severely)—Here's a small fish in this milk.
Milkman (aggravated)—Madam, do you want a whale for five cents?—Truth.

Her Busy Day.

"I have no time," said the mermaid gay
To the whale, as she tossed her head:
"I've got to stay at home today
And make an oyster bed."
—Truth.

The Piano Lamp Shade.

"You were speaking of getting a piano lamp—have you got it yet?"
"No, papa couldn't afford to buy the shade."—New York Press.

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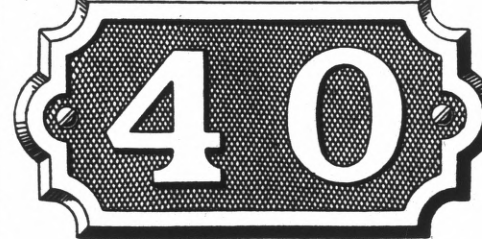
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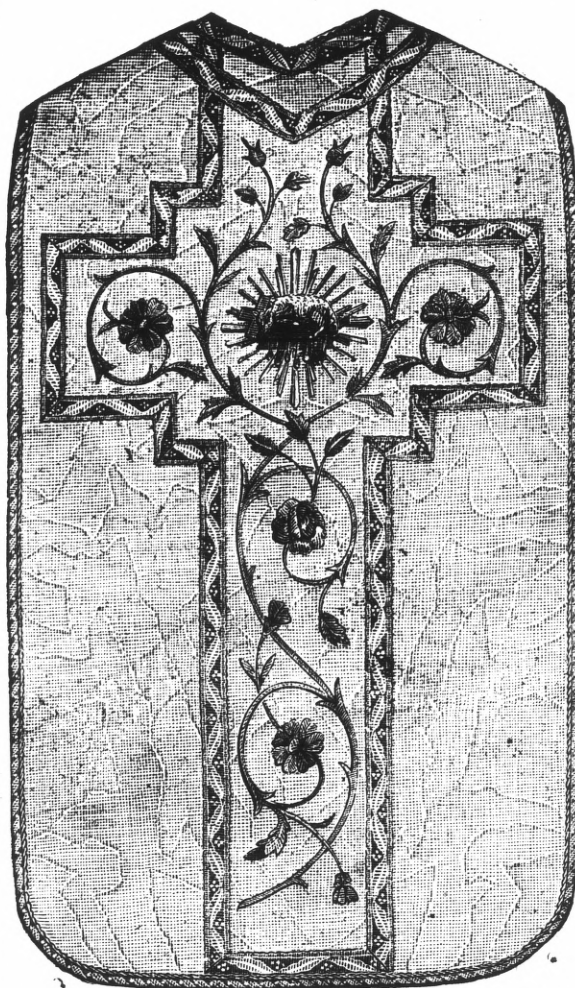


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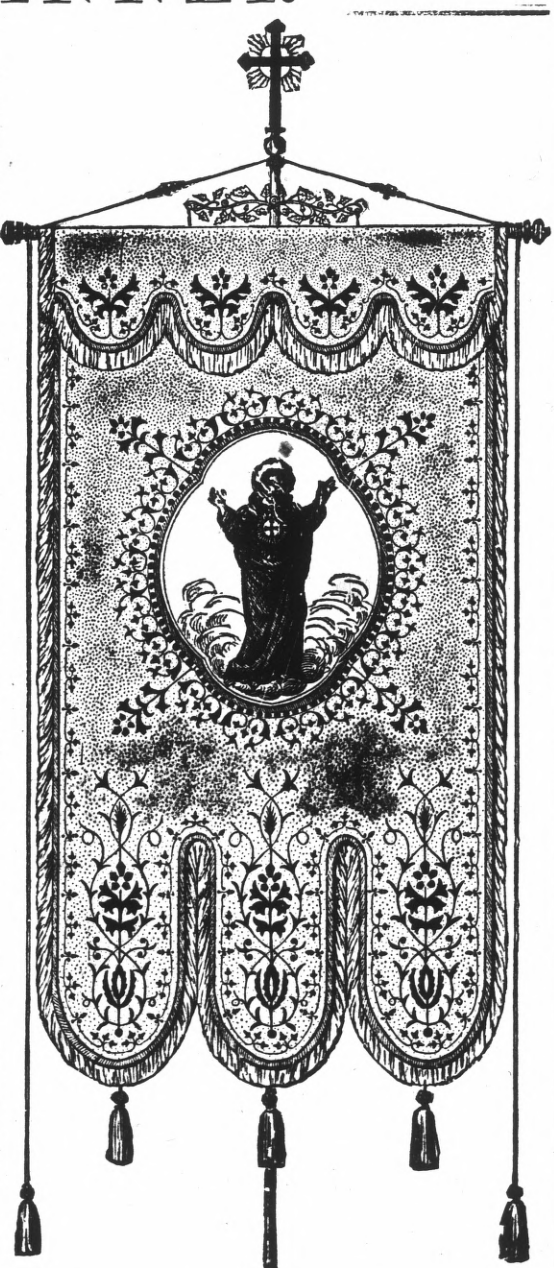
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